# *High-Church and the Doctor out of Breath:*

OR,

## *A seasonable Stop to the High-flying Squadron.*

*14. April. 1711.*

NOW let all true Loyal Subjects rejoice,
The Firebrand Squadron no further advance;
The Artill'ry Heroes they first made the Stand,
'Gainst those who late had inflamed this Land.
*For no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Whigs hath been shewn to the Queen.*
The Doctor at St. *Pauls* in Flames did appear,
Accusing those that still true Loyal are,
The Flag he hung out, and Aid called in,
With Outcry of Danger to Church and the Queen.
*But no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Whigs hath been shewn to the Queen.*
High-Church and the Dr. for many Months past,
Was the Noise of the Rabble with wondrous Hast,
Cry none but the Doctor our Church doth defend,
Who all the Low-Church to the *Devil* wou'd send.
*But no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low-Church is shewn to the Queen.*
To Influ'nce the Election of Parliament Men,
The Tool was sent out, but what hath he done;
The Zealots now see their Mistake in the Man,
And to curb his Insolence do all they can.
*But no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low-Church is shewn to the Queen*
High-Church in e'r'y Place wou'd fain bear the Sway,
Still to do this they abound in foul Play,
I'th' *East-India* Company, so in the *Bank*,
It fully appear'd by their silly Prank, *(List of 23)*
*But no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low-Church is shewn to the Queen.*
The *Doctor* he had to influence the Choice,
A Qualification, that he might have a Voice,
But all they could do, would not carry the day,
Low-Church in each Place doth still bear the Sway.
*For no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low-Church is shewn to the Queen.*
Then for an Alderman of the *Bridge-Ward*,
In the Room of Sr. *Charles*, with loyal Regard,
To Church and the Queen, they put up a *LAD*,
Could no better Support to each then be had?
*But no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low-Church is shown to the Queen.*
To carry the Election they shuffled and cut,
And by some base Tricks they got my Lord's Book
But it was discover'd, and brought to the Light
So the Dr. and his Lad, are in sorrowful Plight
*Still no truer Loyalty ever was seen,*
*Than by the Low Church will be shewn to the Queen.*

*London*: Printed in the Year, 1711. *Price*, 1d.